THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 21, 1809.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, Monday, July 3, 1809.

WRIGHT *against* WARDLE.

THE names of the jury being called upon and sworn, the attorney-general rose as counsel for the plaintiff.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Gentlemen of the Jury,

It is perfectly unnecessary to enter into any detail as to one at least of the parties in the case which I am about to state—Mr. Wardle, Colonel Wardle, as he is called; and I believe, indeed, that he does hold this commission—but this Mr. or Colonel Wardle is well enough known to every person in this court. There is an happy moment in the life of most men, which, if duly seized and employed, raises them to notoriety, and distinguishes them above their fellows. This happy moment, this golden opportunity, this high tide of fortune, has happened to Colonel Wardle, and he has obtained a fame, a notoriety at least, which is inferior to that of few. Every ballad and every wall, every shop and every garret, has his name or his picture; he lives in chalk and gingerbread, and shall continue to live, 'till some other mighty popular hero shall come in for their turn for the mob's huzzas, and popular fame.

Gentlemen, I do not mention these circumstances to excite your envy; you and I are fated to be contented with moving in a more confined circle of reputation; you and I have not the abilities to annihilate the national debt, and to sponge out millions with a speech. No, gentlemen, we must still be contented with paying our taxes, for we have not the enviable ability to discover the means of supporting war without cost; we must leave it to such men as Colonel Wardle, in the first place to cashier a commander in chief, and then to disband an army; to unhorse our cavalry, and to scatter our infantry, with more prowess than has ever been done by the enemy.

Gentlemen, we must be contented to leave Colonel Wardle in undisturbed possession of this fame, and remain satisfied ourselves with the honest discharge of less splendid duties, with the payment of our debts, and the honourable performance of all our obligations; with a preference for our wives and children, and with a gravity, a morality, and a sobriety, which lifts us above the arts of the harlot, and the snares of the swindler.

Gentlemen of the jury, the circumstances of this case will lie within a small compass, or at least, they would so lie, if there were not some previous external circumstances, which, as necessary to explain this case, must likewise be taken into account. Colonel Wardle, as I have said, gentlemen of the jury, is no stranger to us; he is as well known to every individual in this court, as Colonel Aris, (Governor Aris I would say,) or any other governor of our castles, or colonel whom we have been accustomed to call before us. He is a very respectable man, a member of parliament, a Welch justice of the peace. It is true, indeed, that it may be necessary in the course of this trial to prove, that this gentleman, a very respectable married man, and with a large family, was very intimate with Mrs. Clarke, a certain married woman—indeed, so intimate, that for this woman he has incurred a debt of nearly two thousand pounds. Do not misunderstand me, gentlemen of the jury, I do not mean to go beyond my brief; far be it from me to insinuate any too intimate connection between Colonel Wardle and Mrs. Clarke. It is true, that he was in town and in country with this lady, that he was with her at all hours, and in all places; that he furnished her house, and most probably furnished her table; but then he was a married man, and therefore we must presume that he was still innocent of any personal connection; besides, we have his word for it in a solemn examination had in another place, and it would not be seemly to mistrust his word. I have it indeed in proof, that he furnished her bed-room, but I have it not in proof that he had any thing to say to her bed, except that I mean him to pay for it. An ecclesiastical court, indeed, in its usual latitude of interpretation,

pretation, might sentence him to stand in the sheets, but for my part, and for that of my client, if he'll pay us for them, we shall have done with him.

Gentlemen of the jury, I have introduced to you one of the parties in this cause; I will now introduce to you another; indeed I have already mentioned her name, or perhaps, having mentioned the name of Colonel Wardle, it is unnecessary to add that of Mrs. Clarke. Like John and Joan, they almost naturally go together; and accordingly, in this case we shall have them

"All amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling."

No, indeed, gentlemen, this will not be the case; the wind is changed, and Punch and Joan, who were formerly so lovingly hanging on each other's neck, will now be seen no longer in close embrace, but in bitter contest; some Tom Thumb has fallen between, and King Arthur and his Dolallola are severed far as the poles asunder. Gentlemen, it is a most melancholy reflection, that nothing in human life is permanent, and least of all, whatever is connected with woman. I must be candid enough to acknowledge, that Colonel Wardle deserved better of Mrs. Clarke. What, the friend of his bosom, the partner of his glorious work, his fellow-labourer in the vineyard of public reformation!—that this partner should desert him! Gentlemen, it is equally melancholy and wonderful; it is melancholy because it argues the general infirmity of our nature; and it is wonderful, it is truly wonderful, because it surpasses all the ordinary cases of such infirmity. Let Sieyes and Talleyrand desert the Emperor Bonaparte—it would be wonderful, but it might happen; but that Miss Mary Anne Taylor and Mrs. Clarke should sever from Colonel Wardle—'tis a phenomenon, 'tis passing strange, and may portend—the end of the world.

Gentlemen of the jury, there is one thing very near my heart, I mean public reform; and with these sentiments, gentlemen of the jury, it really grieves me, that there should be these divisions and distractions amongst our most leading reformers. Gentlemen of the jury, what is to become of all the projected reform in church and state, and army, if there are to be these feuds amongst the chief reformers—if Miss Mary Anne Taylor and Mrs Clarke are to fall off, and leave Colonel Wardle alone in the field? Alas! brave as this colonel is,—Welchman as he is, and justice of the peace—will he be able to maintain the battle alone, or will he not strive to decline the contest, when no longer supported by the patriotism of Mrs. Clarke, and the purity of Miss Mary Anne Taylor?

Gentlemen of the jury, I come now to the business in point; it is an action brought by an upholsterer of the name of Wright, against Colonel Wardle, for the price of certain beds, tables, and chairs, and glasses; in short, for the complete furniture of an house, ordered by Mr. Wardle for Mrs. Clarke. The circumstances under which this order was given, I will state in some detail.

In the latter part of the year 1808, I believe somewhere about October or November, Colonel Wardle became acquainted with Mrs. Clarke, and tolerably well acquainted, for immediately afterwards they went on a pleasant excursion in the country. It is but justice due to Colonel Wardle, to remind the jury, that Colonel Wardle is a married man, and with a large family of children; for the jury having these circumstances before their eyes, will doubtless be convinced, that, however strongly presumptive facts might appear, Colonel Wardle could not be guilty of any improper personal intercourse with this woman. The catholics have a very good-natured maxim, which a protestant jury would do well to adopt; it was a maxim of their religion, that it was absolutely impossible for a priest to be guilty of any adulterous intimacy with a woman, and even if a priest were seen in circumstances which the law terms, *nudus cum nuda*, that it was only a deception of the senses of the spectator, or that the Devil had assumed the person of the priest, to destroy his reputation; in the same manner in this case, if circumstances should be strong, the jury must still not believe them. They must believe that it was not Mr. Wardle, but Mr. Mellish, or Mr. Any-body; but certainly not Mr. Wardle.

(To be continued.)

Memoir of the Public Services of the Right Hon. Lord Cochrane, K. B. Captain in the Royal Navy, &c.

(Continued from Page 644.)

IN the month of October, 1803, soon after the recommencement of hostilities, Lord Cochrane was appointed to the Arab; and, in the following year, to the Pallas frigate, of 32 guns. In the latter ship he proceeded to the Newfoundland station, but remained there only a short time. Early in 1805, he was sent out with dispatches to his uncle, Sir Alexander Cochrane, who was at that time employed in the blockade of Ferrol. This was shortly after the rupture with Spain took place, and, as Lord Cochrane was employed in cruising off the Spanish coast, he had the good fortune to make a considerable

rable number of prizes. Amongst others, the capture of Il Fortuna, a Spanish galleon, afforded a rich recompence to his valour. Il Fortuna, bound from the Rio de la Plata to Corunna, was laden with specie, to the amount, as was reported, of 150,000l. besides a considerable quantity of valuable merchandize, of nearly an equal value. This capture, however, is chiefly memorable, for a noble act of generosity displayed upon the occasion, by Lord Cochrane, his officers, and crew. The Spanish captain and supercargo stated, that they had been engaged, for nearly twenty years, in commercial pursuits, in the burning clime of South America; that they were returning to their families in Old Spain, there to spend the evening of their days, on the hardly-earned fruits of their industry; that the whole of their property, amounting, in goods and specie, to about 30,000 dollars each, had been embarked in Il Fortuna; and, by the capture of that ship, they found themselves reduced to a state of indigence and beggary. It was added, too, that this was the second time that the captain had sustained such a misfortune; as, in the year 1779, he had been stripped of his all by a British cruizer, and forced to begin the world anew! A tale of distress, whether real or fictitious, seldom fails of producing a due effect upon the heart of an English sailor; and, in the present instance, our national spirit of liberality exerted its influence in favour of these unfortunate men, to an unexpected, and almost unprecedented extent. The result of their appeal was, that they each received 5000 dollars in specie from their captors; a boon of benevolence, which, by the joyful tears they shed, called forth the most grateful feelings of the heart.

It was on the 9th of March, 1805, that Il Fortuna arrived at Plymouth; and, on the 23d of the same month, another Spanish letter of marque, of 14 guns, was sent into that port, a prize to the Pallas.

Early in April, 1806, the Pallas was employed in the execution of a very hazardous enterprise, in the Garonne; a river, as it has been observed, the most difficult in its navigation of any on the French coast. From Lord Cochrane's official dispatch, upon this occasion, we learn that, in consequence of information which had been received respecting the situation of some corvettes, lying in the Garonne, the Pallas proceeded up the river, and anchored close to the Cordovan shoal, a little after dark on the evening of the 5th of April.

About three o'clock on the following morning, the boats of the Pallas had succeeded in boarding and cutting out the Tapageuse corvette, of fourteen long 12-pounders, and 95 men; notwithstanding she lay twenty miles above the shoals, under the protection of two heavy batteries. At day-light, however, when the Tapageuse made sail, a general alarm was given, and she

she was followed by a sloop of war. An action consequently commenced, and continued, " often within hail, 'till by the same bravery by which the Tapageuse was carried, the sloop of war, which had been before saved by the rapidity of the current alone, after about an hour's firing, was compelled to sheer off, having suffered as much in the hull as the Tapageuse in the rigging."

But this was not the conclusion of the service. On the same morning, while at anchor, waiting for the return of the boats, the Pallas descried three ships bearing down towards her. The anchor was instantly weighed; and, with the remainder of her officers and crew, she chased, drove on shore, and completely wrecked them. One mounted 24 guns, another 22, and the third 18. It is remarkable that, in the destruction of these vessels, and the capture of the Tapageuse, which altogether mounted 78 guns, not a man belonging to the Pallas was killed, and only three slightly wounded. " Nothing," observed Admiral Thornborough, " can evince more clearly the high state of discipline of the crew of the Pallas, than the humanity shewn by them to the enemy in the conflict." Lord St. Vincent too, at that time commander in chief on the home station, contributed his portion of applause on this occasion— " The gallant and successful exertions of the Pallas," said his lordship, in the envelope of Lord Cochrane's letter, therein detailed, " reflect very high honour on her captain, and call for my warmest admiration!"

In addition to the above, between the 26th of March and the 8th of April, Lord Cochrane took two French chasse marees, and one brig; and destroyed a chasse maree, and another brig.

In the succeeding month (May) the French trade having for some time been kept much in port, owing, in a great measure, to their knowledge of the exact situation of our cruisers, constantly announced at the signal posts on the coast, it appeared to Lord Cochrane to be of some importance, " as there was nothing better in view," (says his lordship in his official letter), to endeavour to stop that practice. He accordingly landed, with his marines and boats' crews, and demolished the two posts at la Pointe de la Roche, that at Caliola, and two in l'Ance de Repos. One of the last mentioned was defended by upwards of a hundred militia. All the flags were brought off, and the houses which had been built by government, were burned to the ground.

A successful attempt was also made by his lordship upon the battery at Point d'Equilon, which was carried by a coup de main, and laid in ruins, the guns spiked, the carriages burnt, the barrack and magazine blown up, and all the shells thrown into the sea. The signal post of l'Equilon, together with the

house, shared the fate of the gun carriages; but the convoy, which would have been a gratifying capture, got into a river beyond the reach of the brave assailants.

This service had scarcely been accomplished, when Lord Cochrane was engaged with a force so strikingly superior to that of the Pallas, that his escape from destruction appears almost miraculous. While cruising off l'Isle d'Aix, and reconnoitring the French squadron, he discovered a well-known 40-gun frigate, which had been a source of great annoyance to the English, and three brigs, all getting under sail. His lordship, however, was not to be intimidated by this vast disparity of force—"The Pallas," says he, "remained under top-sails by the wind to await them; at half-past eleven in the morning, a smart point-blank firing commenced on both sides, which was severely felt by the enemy. The main-top-sail-yard of one of the brigs was cut through, and the frigate lost her after-sails. The batteries on l'Isle de Aix opened on the Pallas, and a cannonade continued, interrupted on our part only by the necessity we were under to make various tacks to avoid the shoals, 'till one o'clock, when our endeavours to gain the wind of the enemy, and get between him and the batteries, proved successful; an effectual distance was now chosen, a few broadsides were poured in, the enemy's fire slackened; I ordered our's to cease, and directed Mr. Sutherland, the master, to run the frigate on board, with intention effectually to prevent her retreat, by boarding. The enemy's side thrust our guns back into the ports, the whole were then discharged, the effect and crash were dreadful; their decks were deserted; three pistol-shots were the unequal return. With confidence I say, that the frigate was lost to France, had not the unequal collision tore away our fore-top-mast, jib-boom, fore and main-top-sail yards, sprit-sail-yard, bumkin, cat-head, chain-plates, fore-rigging, fore-sail, and bower anchor, with which last I intended to hook on, but all proved insufficient. She was yet lost to France, had not the French admiral, seeing his frigate's fore-yard gone, her rigging ruined, and the danger she was in, sent two others to her assistance. The Pallas being a wreck, we came out with what little sail could be set, and his majesty's sloop the Kingsfisher, afterwards took us in tow."

Thus, it appears, the French frigate was fairly beaten, and escaped only by the approach of two others to her assistance. In this severe and unequal conflict, the Pallas had only one man killed, and five wounded. The loss of the Frenchman is unknown.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JOHN

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JOHN DE LANCASTER *and* AMELIA JONES,

A TALE.

(Continued from Page 634.)

IN a few days after the death of the poor soldier, John de Lancaster, and his servant, Old Ben, carrying his personals in a pair of saddle bags, were on their way to Glen Morgan. Ben was an excellent guide across Welch moors and mountains, and did not confine himself to the roads that were in use, but had the art of steering to his point with great œconomy of time and distance. It was a gleam of joy to poor old Morgan to behold his grandson, for he was fond, and John was affectionate. Every body in the house ran to pay him their respects; the green and red liveries were taken off their pegs, and dinner was served up in state as to the heir-apparent. The parson, lawyer, and apothecary, were in their places, the old butler in gala, and Mrs. Richards, with her attendant housemaids, in high requisition.

After an early breakfast the next morning John set off for Denbigh, and presented himself at the door of Mrs. Jennings, who received him with all possible courtesy; when informed of the matter he was charged with, and of his wish to see Amelia, she was summoned, and ready at the call, ran down stairs, and was instantly in the room; upon seeing a stranger, she stopped short, fixed her eyes upon him, and made a curtsey. John rose, bowed, and seized at one with admiration and surprise, (not expecting to be encountered by an object of such striking beauty) seemed to have lost all recollection of his errand, and stood as if he had no other business but to gaze in silence. As the embarrassment was now becoming reciprocal, Mrs. Jennings thought it was high time to remind him of the commission he had imparted to her. Having lost the words with which he meant to preface the delivery of the little packet, he produced it at once, and having delivered it to Amelia, endeavoured to relate what it was, and how he came by it. His narrative was not very distinctly given, and as soon as he perceived the effect it was likely to produce, he stopped short, and looked to Mrs. Jennings for relief. The lovely girl received it with a trembling hand, and whilst she murmured out her thanks, opened the packet, snatched a momentary glance upon the relic it contained, and would have sunk upon the floor, had not John eagerly interposed, and throwing himself on one knee, supported her in his arms, her head reclining on his shoulder.

When she had recovered, Amelia, followed by Mrs. Jennings, left the room, and John remained in solitary meditation

for a few minutes, 'till the lady of the house returned and made the joint apologies of Amelia and herself for having left him so abruptly. As soon as he was certified that there was no further cause for alarm, he began to describe to Mrs. Jennings how much he was enchanted and surprised by the uncommon beauty of her lovely charge, who, when he had prepared himself to see a little girl running into the room, had presented herself to him with all the graces of a finished woman, elegant in her manners, and charming in her person.

" Perhaps," said Mrs. Jennings, " you were not aware that my poor orphan is but two years younger than yourself. As to the beauty, which you are pleased to notice, I rather think it is more a promise than an actual possession; but of her more essential good qualities I can confidently speak; for a better disposition, greater modesty of nature, and benevolence of heart, I never yet contemplated in human creature. To these virtues she was born; these, at least, poor child, she inherits from her parents, and I think that portrait fronting you, which you are now looking at, conveys no slight impression of an amiable and noble character; it is a striking likeness of her father, taken by an eminent artist, who was a visitor at Glen-Morgan, when Captain Jones passed a few days with your grandfather, before his embarking for the West-Indies, which I well remember he did on the very day that you were born at Kray Castle."

" And to the very day on which I cease to live," exclaimed our hero, raising his voice, and directing his eyes to the portrait, " I swear I will devote myself to the protection of his orphan daughter. Unhappy, gallant man! I have his history from his faithful soldier. Would he could hear me! I almost can believe he does; for mark, how tenderly his eyes are turned upon me. Ah sweet Amelia! what I may be I know not, but your's in every faithful service I shall be. Our first acquaintance has commenced in sorrow, Heaven grant it may grow up and ripen into joy."

This said, he turned his eyes from the picture, and behold they lighted on Amelia, standing by his side. Surprised, confused, and doubting whether he beheld a vision or reality, he threw his arms about her, clasped her to his heart, and in his transport, pressed his glowing lips upon her blushing cheek. Then rushing to the door—" Pardon me," he cried, and vanished with love's arrow in his heart.

" Ah, Madam! ah, my friend!" exclaimed the trembling girl, succour me, save me, or I am undone. If this young heir of two such rich and ancient families does not at one resolve never to waste a thought on me, what will become of me? What will his grandfather, whose bread I eat, what will his mother say? The house of De Lancaster will rise against me,

and I must fly to labour for my living, or involve you in my ruin."

"It is even so, my child, and you discern your danger rightly. He is a noble, generous youth, but he never can be your's in any time to come, and you must cautiously avoid him. As for what passed just now, you must think do more of it. Young spirits, taken by surprise, will break out unawares, and you must forgive him."

"Forgive him!" cried Amelia; "yes, it is easy to forgive him, but when shall I be able to forget him? Never."

Whilst this conversation was carrying on, a note was delivered to Mrs. Jennings, in which she read as follows:—

"MADAM,

"I cannot leave this place 'till you assure me that Miss Jones has recovered from the alarm, which my inconsiderate conduct was the cause of; and that I have not offended past forgiveness.

"I have the honour to be, &c.
"JOHN DE LANCASTER."

To this Mrs. Jennings instantly returned the following answer:—

"SIR,

"You have given no offence to Amelia Jones, but as you know the delicacy that is due to a destitute young orphan in her dependant situation, I am sure your sensibility will remind you how necessary it will be for her peace, and how consistent with your honour, to leave her in her obscurity, and suffer me to hope this interview will be the last.

"&c. &c."

The mother of John de Lancaster had been in a declining state of health for a considerable time past, and no medical aid could afford her any material assistance. In fact, her speedy dissolution was expected, and of its approach she was perfectly sensible. She sent for her son John, and thus addressed him:

"As I know that I must prepare myself to meet that summons, from which no mortal is exempt, sit down by me, and hear what I have to say; for whilst my senses hold I wish to communicate to you some particulars, which it imports you to be apprised of; and as they are of a secret nature, I must rely upon your discretion for understanding what is due to the confidence that I am about to repose in you. I suspect you have been informed by the soldier, who died in this house, of my attachment to his master, Captain Jones—('Tis very well; I understand your signal)—He has told you, and I tell you now again,

again, that my whole life has been embittered by the disappointment and affliction which I endured, when rigid honour on his part, and over-ruling duty on mine, tore me from the arms of that beloved man, and threw me into those of your unfeeling father. Great as my affection was for Captain Jones, and implicit as my trust, yet I take it on my soul to assure you, that our connection was in the strictest sense correctly pure, and after I was married I never had the fortitude to speak to him, or even see his face. I state this to you, my dear child, not only that you may have it in your power conscientiously to put to silence and dismiss all insinuations against my honour, but also more especially to arm your mind for ever against those alarming fancies, that might else occur to you, if in any future period of time the charms, the virtues, and endowments of the daughter should engage your heart, as those of the father captivated mine.

"This angelic girl (for as such she is represented to me) now lives with Mrs. Jennings, at Denbigh, who has the care of her education, and on whom my father has settled an annuity for that purpose. I have bequeathed to Amelia Jones two thousand pounds by will, which is the only sum I can at present call my own; but if, by the will of providence, your grandfather should be suddenly taken off before I die, whatever I may in that case inherit from him I shall leave entirely to you, and recommend this interesting relict of my lamented friend to your bounty and protection. And now before I reveal to you the wish that lies deepest at my heart, let me furnish you with the means of being known to her. This case contains a miniature of her father in enamel, admirably painted, and on the reverse of it under a crystal there is a lock of his hair. Dear as this relic has been, and still is, to me, alas! I never more must look upon it; I could not bear it, and must now endeavour to employ my thoughts in other meditations; take it, my son, and as your gift present it to Amelia; she will thank you; and if her gentle character should gain an early interest in your youthful heart, think of your wretched mother, and resolve against the fatal sacrifice that I have made to fortune and connections; what are they, if your choice goes not with them? what but misery, entailed upon you by the base surrender of your own natural rights? Ah! my poor child, could I but cherish a consoling hope, that you will summon courage to assert those natural rights, and resolutely shun the torrent of those sordid importunities, that will assail you, I could die in peace."

"Live then," replied our hero, "live, my mother, in that confirmed assurance, and believe nothing can shake my fixed determination to follow my free choice in that event, which must decide my happiness for life. Fortune I do not want,

and for that idle pride, which pedigree entails on some, who have no other merit, I despise it; all are my equals, who are not debased in character and conduct; as for Amelia Jones, (forgive me, Madam) being my father's son, and she the daughter of parents by their virtues ennobled, I look up to her as my superior; and when I have the happiness to present to her this valuable relic of her father, I can well believe my second visit will confirm the impression I received upon my first."

"What do you tell me? Have you visited and seen Amelia?"

"I should have told you that before, but was afraid the circumstances that produced that interview, might agitate and discompose your spirits."

"No, no, relate them. If Amelia gave the impression you describe, 'tis all I wish, 'tis all I pray for."

"She appeared," he replied, "in loveliness of person, mind, and manners to merit their description, who report her to you as an angelic girl. My plea for visiting her was to deliver into her hands the wedding ring worn by her mother, and sent to her by her father in the care of the poor soldier, his servant, who on his death-bed entrusted it to me. In the execution of this delicate commission I was so dazzled, and my senses were so engrossed by the appearance of an object, beautiful and impressive beyond my expectations, that the abrupt and aukward manner in which I introduced my business, occasioned a surprise on her part, which for a time overthrew her spirits, and deprived me of her company. In the mean time whilst I was contemplating her father's portrait, which hung opposite to me, and in a kind of rhapsody, that I could not controul, pledging my protection to his lovely daughter, behold, she stood beside me; and before I could recollect myself I had clasped her in my arms. Shocked at myself for an action so audacious, I fled out of the house, and by a note to Mrs. Jennings endeavoured to apologise and asked forgiveness. It was granted to me on the part of Amelia, but Mrs. Jennings by her answer to my note imposed upon me the severe condition of forbearing to intrude upon her charge in the like manner any more. This I have hitherto obeyed; how then shall I fulfil your orders, and present this relic to Amelia?"

"You must write to Mrs. Jennings, state what your commission is, and ask leave to wait upon her charge. When you have done this, shew me your letter, and, if I am able, I will add a postscript. Now, my dear son, beloved of my heart, farewell! my feeble spirits can no longer bear the agitation this discourse has caused. I am not used to joy; it overcomes me —send assistance to me!"

(To be continued.)

ITALIAN

ITALIAN SINGERS:

A FRAGMENT.

OUR conversation was interrupted by a visit from Signor Benvenuto, one of the opera corps, and who, as it is understood, immediately acts under the manager, in providing the entertainments of the town. This gentleman, if so I must call him, gave me such an invincible disgust, that his figure and manner are forcibly impressed upon my recollection. Conceive a person diminutive in his figure, and at the same time so full of active contortions as to bear a near resemblance to nothing but to a bottle twirling upon a pin. His manners were as affected as his personal address. I confess that I felt a more than common surprise that my aunt, a woman of fashion, and a woman of understanding, could even admit the approach of such an effeminate monster.

"Well, signor," said my aunt, "how have you settled with the Nightingale?" (This I afterwards understood to be the name of the favourite singer.)

"We cannot settle in any way with her, Madam," replied he, "unless indeed the minister will help us out of the ways and means. I have had two meetings, the one with the Nightingale herself, and the other with that monstrous puppy her husband. The Nightingale insists upon being paid according to the time of her performance, the long hundred, as she calls it, by the hour; that is to say, precisely at two guineas per minute. For attending at the rehearsals she is to have half the sum; and, in short, for every minute spent in the opera house, she is to receive a guinea—one guinea a minute throughout the season."

"Unconscionable," exclaimed my aunt; "then for me, let her return to Italy, I will sooner give my money to the Magdalen, where it may support objects of charity, and my own countrymen; I will not contribute to the insolence of these foreign vagabonds."

"Vagabonds, indeed," said the signor, "for the mother of the Nightingale was most probably a beggar in a ditch, and her father a gallant lazzarone. But be it as it may, such are the lady's terms, and such I am instructed to lay before the subscribers."

"Then you have had my answer in a word," replied my aunt; "but tell me, signor, did you not find more conscience in her husband; was monsieur as unreasonable as his lady?"

"Infinitely worse," replied the signor, "monsieur refused to confirm his wife's offer without an additional half guinea per minute for himself. His time was precious, and he could not

not think of either suffering his wife to come to the opera-house without him, or of coming there himself without being paid for it. Parbleu, why should he have to sit an hour in such a house of barbarians; he could pass his time more comfortably at home."

"Then it seems, signor," replied my aunt, "that we are to engage monsieur as well as madame.* Pray of what service, and in what capacity is monsieur to be engaged.

"Madame is to sing," replied the signor, "and monsieur, I suppose, is to encore his wife. He is to have half a guinea per minute for attending her to the opera, and even in so doing he seems to think that he shall do too much for the English barbarians, for such he does you the honour to call you all en masse."

"Well, signor, "replied my aunt, "you have my answer, and I hope it will be that of the main body of the proprietors."

"I hope so too," replied the signor, taking his leave at the same time; "it is my duty to lay these terms before the subscribers, but it is not likewise my duty to persuade them to accept them. The terms are enormous, and if the English nation pay thus for a song, why it is better to be a Nightingale than a Newton."

"And is it possible," said I to my aunt, after the signor had left us, "that what he has stated is true, and that such are the terms which are demanded by an Italian singer. I have, indeed, repeatedly heard of their extravagant extortion, but is it possible that it can reach to this point?"

"It is very possible," said my aunt, "indeed, it is absolutely true. There seems to be no natural bounds to the luxury of the age. In the midst of a twenty years war, in the midst of so many important public and private calls, the Nightingale is enabled to demand at the rate of two guineas per minute for singing us an Italian air, and what is more, her demands will be complied with."

"Why does not the lord chamberlain interfere," said I, "and banish the whole Italian corps out of the kingdom? Such an act would at once save our money and dignify our taste."

"Because the lord chamberlain is one of the *dilletante*. The Nightingale has (fortunately for herself,) a party upon her side even in the privy council, and if I have not been misinformed, her influence has been more than once necessary to keep her husband in the kingdom. He is, in every sense of the word, a perfect puppy; and if he were to receive his deserts, would

* Monsieur and Madame Catalini.

would be hunted from the kingdom by an hue and cry of boys at his tail."

THE VACATION.

THE facility of communication between London and its provincial dependencies is so highly improved by vehicles of every kind, that an observer of fashions and manners can scarcely perceive any difference as to *date*, and a prevailing *rage* is known so soon in the most distant parts of the kingdom as to leave its original fabrication a matter of conjecture. The monthly edicts of London reach their destination within a few hours; and the bonnet, or the tassel, the round robe, or the steel clasp, which captivate in Bond-street, are displayed with as fatal effect, and almost at the same hour, in the streets of Liverpool.

Nor is this the only instance in which the metropolis shares her power. Although she has long enjoyed the privilege of complaining of smoke and heat, of unwholesome air, and want of exercise, that privilege is no longer exclusive. There is not a city or town in the kingdom, however picturesque its situation, or however surrounded by rural charms, that has not now its *unhealthy season*, and accordingly demands its period of *vacation*. London is now notoriously known to be quite *empty*, and our correspondents assure us that Manchester, and Liverpool, Bristol, Bath, Oxford, and Cambridge, are at the same moment in a similar state of desolation. Nor is this an unnecessary precaution in a commercial light; the periodical returns of *business* and *vacation* are so regularly established, that if any person is found at *home* during this last period of locomotion, it is shrewdly suspected that he is either one of those people *whom nobody knows*, or that his affairs are not in the *best possible train!* Nor, if both these suspicions should happen to be unfounded, do we know a more disgraceful discovery than to find *any body* in town, when *every body* is out of it. The possibility of breath, or existence (for *life* is impossible) in any city or town, is universally called in question, and there can be no fact so very perplexing, and no enigma so beyond all explanation, as that figures very much resembling men and women, should be seen in places which are totally deserted, and pretending to be active in situations where all business is suspended.

Perhaps, indeed, this absurdity may one day be expunged from the history of *summer*, and those who are at the head of public offices and commercial arrangements will at once declare, that the months of August and September are no longer to be

retained in our calendars, that no man shall have a right to say he is *at home* when it is notorious that every body is *out of town*, and that the man who *sits still* during a period of universal *travelling*, shall be deemed guilty of unpardonable *vulgarity*, and classed among the antiquated beings who *breakfast* in the *morning*, and go to *bed* at *night*.

An ANECDOTE.

LORD NELSON, at the battle of Copenhagen, surrounded by the dying and the dead, the British admiral ordered an officer, bearing a flag of truce, to go on shore with a note to the crown prince. It contained a proposal to his royal highness to acquiesce, without further delay, in the propositions of the British government; not only to put a stop to the present effusion of blood on both sides, but to save from total destruction Copenhagen and its arsenals, which he would otherwise level with the water. Whilst his lordship was writing, with all the calmness of a man in his study, he desired Colonel Stewart to send some one below for a light, that he might seal his dispatch. Colonel Stewart obeyed, but none appearing with a candle when Lord Nelson had nearly completed his letter, he enquired the reason of such neglect, and found that the boy who had been sent for it was killed in his way by a cannon shot. The order was repeated; upon which Colonel Stewart observed, "Why should your lordship be so particular to use wax? why not a wafer? The hurry of battle will be a sufficient apology for the violation of etiquette." "It is to prove, my friend," replied Lord Nelson, "that we are in no hurry; that this request is not dictated by fear, or a wish on our part to stop the carnage, from the least apprehension of the fate of this day to us, that I am thus particular. Were I to seal my letter with a wafer, it would still be wet when it reached the shore; it would speak of haste. Wax is not the act of an instant; and it impresses the receiver accordingly." The reasoning of the admiral was duly honoured by the result. The Danes acceded to the proposal, and a cessation of hostilities was the consequence.

SPECIMEN *of* ORTHOGRAPHY.

WONTED for the Favoret Cuter Sevn Men Expectd Year Evry Day the Warges is Forty shelengs Munths aply to N—— K—— Newlyn.

POOR's RATE.

BY a late decision of the court of King's Bench, (the king v. the inhabitants of Mairfield, 48 Geo. III.) saleable underwoods are rateable to the relief of the poor in the proportion to their value, though not cut down but once in 24 years; and their annual value estimated according to what they are worth to rent for a lease of the duration of their intended growth.

AN ANECDOTE.

SOME few years ago several persons of distinction went to visit the school for the education of deaf and dumb children at Paris, under the direction of an abbe, for the purpose of witnessing the progress they had made in learning. One of the boys being asked what was the meaning of the word gratitude, he immediately took a pen and wrote—" the memory of the heart."

MARYBONE GARDENS.

BEHIND Oxford House, at Marybone, was a well-known place of entertainment, called Marybone Gardens. In the reign of Queen Anne there had been a noted tavern in this place, with bowling-greens, much frequented by persons of the first rank. It afterwards grew into disrepute, and is made by Gay the scene of Macheath's debauches. About the year 1740, Marybone Gardens were famed for public breakfasts and evening concerts. Some of the first singers were generally engaged there, and fire-works were frequently exhibited. In the year 1777, or 1778, the gardens were shut up, and the scite let to builders. The ground is now occupied by Beaumont-stret, part of Devonshire-street, and part of Devonshire-place.

Answer, by R. Withall, of Plymouth, to N. Lee's Question, inserted May 15.

PUT $x^2+y^2=$ the numbers required. Also $a=2601$, and $m=1677$, then per question $yx^2=a$, and $xy^2=m$, from which we obtain $y\times m^2\div y^4=a$. Consequently 289 and 81 are the numbers. Q. E. D.

☞ Similar answers have been received from J. French, and J. Ball, at Evershot school; S. Treeby, of Yealmpton, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.

Answer, by L. N. to T. Pearse's Rebus, inserted June 19.

FOR cutting cloth it is quite clear,
That tailors often use the SHEAR.

Answer, by W. Kent, near Camelford, to J. Ball's Charade, inserted June 26.

BUCKBEAN, friend Ball, your parts expound,
A three-leav'd plant in marshy ground.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. W. of Charmouth; Caroline, of Lion's-gate; C. Caines, at Cerne school; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Hugh Trenchard, junior, of Thorncombe; S. Tucker, of Bugford; P. W. Jones, and J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; and J. French, Evershot school.

Answer, by Hugh Trenchard, Junior, of Thorncombe, to L. N.'s Rebus, inserted June 26.

WARDLE, Sir, if I think true,
Will bring your rebus into view.

*** Similar answers have been received from H. B. and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; N. Gribble, of Plymouth; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Kerby, of Helston; W. Kent, near Camelford; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; Mary Ann Allen, of Milton; Caroline, of Lion's-gate; J. W. of Charmouth; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; S. P. of Chard; T. Byrt, of Shepton Mallet; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. C. junior, of Ottery St. Mary; and J. French, and J. Ball, at Evershot school.

A REBUS, *by H. B. of Bridgewater.*

YE youths of skill, I beg you will
A dukedom first detect;
And then, indeed, you must proceed
A vowel to select;
My third and last, Sirs, is a mask,
Which you will find perchance:
Those parts unite, they'll bring to light
An ancient kind of dance.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Trood, of Bridgewater.*

IN Albion's happy isle I hold my court,
And there alone I'm suffer'd to resort;
War's cruel ravages have driven me
Far from the place of my nativity.

I once securely reign'd in distant lands,
But now, Oh fate! my banner scarce expands
Beyond this little, ever-hallow'd spot;
Here I'm alike in palace and in cot.

Relentless war! tyrant insatiate!
Relieve each country from its dreadful state!
That soon with glory I again may reign
In every kingdom, village, dale, and plain.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SUMMER.

(Concluded from Page 660.)

BE mine to pass the sultry hour
Within some fragrant, cooling bower,
Where honeysucks and jessamine,
Lock'd in each others arms combine,
To screen the isolated place
From Sol's effulgent, melting face;
Or Oh! ye nine, my spirit bear
To that elysian valley, where,
Secluded from his piercing beams,
Flow pure Castalia's limpid streams;
There, in its undulating wave,
Let me full oft immerse and lave;
With you in sweetest converse rove
The devious windings of the grove;
And from your strong, nectareous bowl
Assuage the thirstings of my soul.

But see from ether's utmost verge
Black clouds bituminous emerge,
And rolling on the silent air,
A most tremendous storm declare;
Like mountains which the angels threw
In tumult on the rebel crew,
When Satan, prince of sin and hell,
From his exalted station fell;
So pil'd in heaps they seem to rise
In vast confusion to the skies;
Cleaving the gloom, the livid fire
Plays on the summit of the spire;
And, as the tempest moves, observe,
It flashes round a "wider curve;"
Silent and mute is every tone,
Save the prophetic hollow moan,
Which trilling thro' the dusky groves,
The leaf in gentle quiv'rings moves;
Nature in silence seems to wait
This dreadful messenger of fate;
Now all is wrapp'd in one black shroud;
While thunders, with explosion loud,
In quick succession rattling o'er,
End in one grand convulsive roar;
In copious streams descend the rains,
Drenching our thirsty rills and plains;
Down from the mountain's humid side,
Rushes the overflowing tide,
Slowly the tempest takes its flight,
And darkness yields once more to light;
The sun again appears to view;
The birds their charming song renew;

The

The glitt'ring drops hang from the trees,
Soft blows the cool, favonian breeze;
The parched flowers and grass resume
Their wonted verdure, and their bloom;
Creation animated seems,
And with fresh life and vigour teems;
Thus eve, with dewy visage bland,
Enters our highly favour'd land;
Now the bright orb retires to rest,
Slow setting in the radiant west;
And as his splendid rays recede,
The shadows gradually succeed;
The workman, with the flaggon hung
On fork, and o'er his shoulder flung,
Seeks his blest habitation, where
He eats his coarse but wholesome fare;
See him, hard by the cottage wall,
His eager appetite appal;
Contentment sweetens the hard crust,
Which otherwise would breed disgust.

Now, while the thrush, on some high spray,
Pours forth her mellow, thankful lay;
Along the woodlands let me haste,
The balmy evening air to taste;
Or late ascend yon neighb'ring height,
To view the rising queen of night;
And as in airy vision lost,
Among the gorgeous starry host;
Still may I trace that power unseen,
Which manages the whole machine;
That makes the earth her treasures bring,
And all creation laugh and sing;
There, distant from the world's vain shews,
Its gewgaws, and its painted woes,
Unite in pure, seraphic mood,
The general song of gratitude.

July. L. N.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ADVICE FOR ALL THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

WHEN summer darts his fervid ray,
For autumn's milder beams we pray;
When autumn's chilling damps prevail,
We sicken in each fev'rish gale;
And oft by cruel agues toss'd,
We wish for winter's bracing frost.
But winter soon disgusting grows,
His slipp'ry ice, his dazzling snows,
And piercing cold new troubles bring;
And then we sigh for genial spring.
But even spring not long can please,
With heat we glow, with cold we freeze;
And whilst all nature blooms around,
Man only is unhappy found.

Mortals! from weak complaints refrain,
And know your lives are doom'd to pain;
With patience bear the ills of nature,
Nor, by repining, make them greater.